

DESCRIPTIVE WRITE-UP OF WISCONSIN VALLEY

AS A WRITER OF THE NORTHWEST
MAGAZINE SEES OUR COUNTRY.

Rhinelanders Figures Prominently in the Article Which Appeared in the Last Issue of the St. Paul Publication—"Fields, Forest and Towns" is the Subject—Sets Forth Well Our Resources.

The July number of the Northwest Magazine, published in St. Paul, contains an extensive write-up of "Fields, Forests and Towns in the Upper Wisconsin Valley." The article contains a graphic description of the industrial, commercial and educational resources of the great Wisconsin valley, the coming agricultural sections of the north-west. The writer sets forth the comforts and advantages in glowing colors with an air of ability, denoting careful study in preparing the work painting. The article is introduced by a general description of the valley, in which the author says: "For diversity of scenery, wealth of natural advantages, and general desirability for either farm settlement or for commercial and industrial enterprises, it would be indeed difficult to find another section of country which rivals it." The writer is cognizant of the fact that it is not entirely what the country is today that prompted him to write such a descriptive article, but realizes fully the great possibilities and many advantages the country offers new comers. "Rhinelanders, Tomahawk, Merrill, Wausau, Grand Rapids and Stevens Point," he says, "are all noted for their thrift and enterprise, the resources of the magnificent country back of them having compelled a growth that has been truly remarkable." The Northwest writer deals with the growth and development of the lumber towns from the time the first sawmill is built till it becomes a thriving incorporated city. He further says, substantiating what The New North man has been preaching, that the "long-headed, long-pursed and energetic men who went into these forests years ago and began cutting pine and converting it into lumber, and balm, and shingles, having conducted their operations so thoroughly that pine will one day have to give way to hardwood and agriculture. Not immediately, perhaps, for there is still a good deal of pine timber contiguous to the upper Wisconsin valley, but the time is near at hand when it will no longer rank as of first importance in the industrial history of this particular region. Pine logs will continue to be cut, and the mills will continue to saw them into building materials for many years to come, but the great wealth of hardwood timber, now scarcely touched, and the fertile pine lands which have already been cleared by the woodmen, will assume first prominence in the eyes of the public, and prove sources of greater and more lasting wealth to communities and state alike." The article is well illustrated with cuts of various scenes in the valley. The Rhinelanders scenes are The Wisconsin river water-power dam, the High school building and the North-Western railroad bridge across the Wisconsin river.

Important Towns in Upper Valley.

"Having spoken of the timber and agricultural resources of this broad area, let us now ask our readers to follow us to the principal towns therein. Although the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul extension will shortly penetrate still farther north to the Goble iron mines in the Lake Superior country, it is now built to a point near the Michigan State line at Star Lake, on the left bank of the Wisconsin River. Below Star Lake are the promising stations and settlements of Minneapolis, Hazelhurst, Harshaw, Cassian, and Heatford Junction, and just across the river and above the Junction is the thrifty city of Rhinelanders, the county seat of Oneida county, and the most northerly incorporated city on the Wisconsin river. The population borders closely upon 6,000. It is the principal town on the "Soo" line between Minneapolis and the Soo, and the largest place on the Chicago & North-Western railway in this section of the state. Two hundred fifty miles north of Milwaukee and 211 miles east of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Rhinelanders is in the center of the great lumber district and is an important manufacturing point. No less than 5,000,000 feet of lumber is sawed there annually, the five sawmills and six planing mills furnishing employment to a large force of men. It is said that the largest screw-floor factory in the world is located here and one of the largest box factories. Aside from these main industries are smaller manufacturing concerns and an extensive iron foundry, which makes a refuse burner for sawmills that is in popular demand throughout the world. Twelve plants alone employ 900 hands.

Rhinelanders is thoroughly progressive. It has six modern school buildings, ten churches, a fine system of waterworks, owned by the city; an electric light system, a good paid fire department, a public library, two banks with a capital of \$100,000, three newspapers, two opera houses with a joint seating capacity of nearly 2,000, several hotels, an armory that cost \$100,000, and a first class water-power of 2,000 horse-power capacity. The streets are well graded, there are full lines of substantial commercial houses, and it claims a larger number of handsome homes than any

other town in the northern part of the state. It is a great supply center, is surrounded by immense timber resources, and the agricultural possibilities of the country are unlimited." The writer of Northwest's article deals at considerable length upon the agricultural resources of the valley and says in part as follows:

Agricultural Possibilities. "A reliable authority makes the statement that no fewer than 125,000 people now inhabit this section of the state, and that three years hence the population will be more than doubled. Of the present population it is probable that not more than one-third is found in towns and villages, thus leaving a large farming population to be distributed among the various counties comprising the upper valley section. All these farmers are there because it is profitable for them. It was long ago demonstrated that these timbered lands of northern Wisconsin, and especially that region contiguous to the Milwaukee system, are among the richest and most productive in the Union. Lands formerly covered with pine and hardwood grow the produce the finest of grasses, root crops yield abundantly, and cereals do exceedingly well. A good authority says that grain crops, as a rule, average higher than is usual elsewhere, and that even corn is safe from frost and seldom fails to give large returns. As a dairy and stock country it stands unrivaled. The native grasses are luxuriant, the supply of absolutely pure water from numerous lakes and streams is more than abundant, and all conditions

Northern Wisconsin farm lands. "One important feature of farm life in this country is the ability of farmers to make money at all seasons of the year. In the spring, summer and fall they can sow, reap, and market products of the soil; and in the winter-time, instead of idling away their hours as so many are forced to do in prairie regions, they can go out into the timber and cut railway ties, or take bark off hemlock trees for tanning purposes, or cut cedar for posts, poles and shingles, or spruce for pulpwood or else for stove and hoop mills, or basswood for excelsior and headings, etc., etc. Logs for lumber are always wanted, and the market is at hand. No trees grow on these farms for which there is not a demand at mill or tannery. The great lumber-camps employ thousands of men in the winter seasons at good pay; so, taking all these things together, there is ample opportunity for farmers in the upper Wisconsin Valley to busy themselves profitably the year round. And to these advantages the simple statement that the water is soft and pure, the lakes and streams are full of fish, and the whole region abounding in deer, wild fowl and other desirable game, and we would like to know what more a settler can ask for. Schools and churches, towns and railways every possible social advantage, and all the pleasures of field, forest and stream are at one's immediate command. We will not say that this portion of Wisconsin is a paradise, but we ask our readers to name a country that is better adapted to prosperity."

ROBINS IS BOUND OVER ON CHARGE OF MURDER

EXAMINATION HELD AT THE COURT HOUSE TUESDAY BEFORE JUDGE BROWNE—COURT ROOM CROWDED WITH SPECTATORS.

The examination of J. Bascom Robins, charged with the murder of W. W. Fenelon, was held at the court house in this city last Tuesday, before Municipal Judge Browne. The court room was crowded with those anxious to hear the testimony introduced and get a glimpse of the young man charged with murder in the first degree. The case is too well known throughout the country to need any further comments from the press. No case in Wisconsin in recent years has attracted such wide-spread attention. Everywhere it is the topic of conversation.

The testimony introduced during the examination was practically the same as the story so often repeated and of which everybody is familiar. The district attorney, S. T. Walker, is assisted in the prosecution by John Barnes, and his brother, D. H. Walker. The defendant is represented by M. B. Rosenthal and A. L. Kreutzer, of the law firm of Bump, Kreutzer and Rosenthal, of Wausau.

The following witnesses were put on the stand: E. A. Forbes, D. T. Matteson, Henry Chace, Chas. Chace, Mrs. Welch and Himmant, W. T. Stevens, H. E. Hutehins, of the Minneapolis Journal, Miss Anna Hansley, John A. Robins, father of the accused; William H. Gilligan, W. W. Carr, Andrew Swan, D. F. Matteson. The examination lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till about 2:30 in the afternoon.

The court after taking all the testimony held that an offense had been committed and held the prisoner over until the October term of the circuit court without bail. The court will convene at the court house on the 6th of that month. The trial will be one of the most interesting ever held in northern Wisconsin and the outcome will be awaited with much interest.

Robins' father, accompanied by W. W. Farabough, an attorney of Paris, Tenn., arrived in Rhinelanders last Saturday.

YOUNG MAN ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Robert Johnson, a Nephew of Gus. Horn, Injured While in Camp.

A story has just leaked out about one of a party of several young men who visited Tomahawk Lake week before last to enjoy an outing. A revolver was accidentally discharged and the bullet struck one of the boys in the breast and followed a rib around under the arm and lodged. One of his companions went over to Hazelhurst for a physician who probed for and removed the bullet. The boys went on with their camping as if nothing had happened, telling none of the accident that befell one of the members of the party. Now that the story has leaked out, we might just as well tell who the victim of the accident was. It was Robert Johnson, of Chicago, a nephew of Gus. Horn, who, with a friend, fished up from the Windy City a short time ago. The young man suffered considerable pain, and ever since he returned from Tomahawk Lake has had the wound dressed daily by a local physician. How the accident happened, the boys will not tell. Nothing was known of the occurrence in Rhinelanders till last Sunday. D. H. Vaughn came down from the lake. He went to the Oneida House to enquire as to the condition of young Johnson. This was the first intimation Mr. and Mrs. Horn had received that injury of such a serious nature had befallen their nephew. Johnson certainly displayed wonderful nerve.

BOARD OF EDUCATION MEETS.

Report Made for Putting in Steam Heating Plant—Two New Teachers Engaged.

A special meeting of the board of education was held last Friday evening. Miss Doern, of Marshfield, was engaged as first grade teacher to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Wilson. Miss Lulu Raymond of this city, was engaged to take the place of Miss Smith, the second grade teacher. Following are the janitors engaged for the various schools: High school, A. J. Wilcox; McDowell school, John Greenwood; South Park school, Louis Wagner; Curran school, Henry Hagen. The bids for putting in the High school steam heating plant were opened, but the matter was deferred until Monday evening, when another meeting was held. Three bids were presented, but all were rejected on the ground that they were too high. Mr. Governor of Madison, devised the plans for the heating system. He informed the members of the board that the bids were much too high. New bids will be called for. The lowest bid, we understand, was nearly \$75,000. But little other business was done aside from allowing

WM. CAIRNS KILLED IN THE JEFFRIS SAWMILL

SAD ACCIDENT OCCURRED ON FRIDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Arm Cut Off Twice By One of the Saws on the Trimmer—Dies Two Hours Later From Loss of Blood—Leaves a Family in This City—Body Interred Monday in Forest Home Cemetery.

The saw mill of the Jeffris Lumber company at Jeffris, was the scene of a terrible accident last Friday afternoon about 2 o'clock. William Cairns, the millwright, met with injuries which proved fatal. He died about two hours after the sad occurrence. Cairns was engaged in releasing a board from one of the saws on the lumber trimmer when the accident happened. He laid down on the piece of machinery in an effort to free the board, lying with his right arm directly over one of the saws, which had been dropped. The saw was "tripped" by accidentally stepping on the trip lever, or in other words, raised. It came in contact with his arm, severing that member twice. The first time the arm was cut off midway between the elbow and wrist. Cairns attempted to raise himself and had partially succeeded. He was overcome and fell forward onto the saw again. This time the arm was severed just above the elbow, terribly mutilating the same.

Judd Brazell, who was an eye-witness, assisted by other employees about the mill, carried the prostrate man to the company boarding house. An effort was made to check the flow of blood, but it was unsuccessful. Drs. Daniels and Packard of this city, were telegraphed for and left immediately for the scene, arriving there about two hours after the accident occurred. The body was being laid on the operating table preparatory to dressing the wounds when the victim of the accident breathed his last, the loss of blood being so great.

Mr. Cairns was conscious when the doctors arrived. He shook hands with them and asked them to dress his wounds as soon as possible, saying that he could not stand the pain much longer.

Cairns was one of the oldest and best known millwrights on the Wisconsin river and the news of the sad ending of his existence will be a shock to his many friends. His family reside on the north side in this city. He was formerly employed by the Brown-Robinson Lumber company and had made this city his home for twelve years prior to accepting a position with the Jeffris people upon the completion of their new mill last fall. He had also been engaged by other local concerns in the same capacity. He leaves a grief stricken wife, four daughters and a son to mourn his death. Cairns was fifty years of age, a man highly esteemed by all who knew him. All extend their heartfelt sympathy to the family in their sorrow.

The body was brought to this city and taken to the undertaking establishment of F. A. Hildebrand and the same evening was removed to the family residence on the north side. The body was brought over from Jeffris by Ed. Brazell, John Gagen and James Cairns. The last mentioned is a brother of the deceased. He was at work in one of the camps when the accident happened.

The funeral services were held last Monday afternoon at the M. E. church, Rev. M. S. Pettit officiating in the presence of a large number of the friends of the departed, who gathered to pay their last tribute. The remains were tenderly laid to rest in the Forest Home cemetery.

"LITTLE ANDREW" IS KILLED.

Lost His Life at Woodborn Monday by Jumping from the Saw Mill.

A. C. Lundsen, more familiarly known as "Andrew," was killed at Woodborn last Monday morning in attempting to jump off the morning limited. The train was late in leaving Rhinelanders and did not pass through here till about 6 o'clock, a delay of about four hours. Lundsen had been camping in the vicinity of Woodborn and was just returning. The limited does not stop there, a fact of which Lundsen undoubtedly was not aware. He jumped from the swiftly moving train and in so doing fell in such a manner as to break his neck and fracture his skull. The body was not discovered till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was brought to this city on the evening train and taken to Hildebrand's undertaking establishment. The remains were interred in the Forest Home cemetery yesterday morning. Lundsen was a peculiar character and was well known to most of the people of Rhinelanders. His worst fault was that he was an excessive user of liquors and was seldom himself. With all his faults, Andrew was harmless and was never known to injure anyone but himself. He was his own worst enemy.

C. D. Bronson and R. S. Miller returned Thursday from Chicago, where they attended the thirty-fourth annual encampment of the G. A. R. They report a most enjoyable time and say the weather was delightful, also that the parade was a grand spectacle. The Wisconsin vets had an opportunity to view it as they led the procession and dropped out after passing the reviewing stand. The parade was the largest in the history of the organization. It took four hours and twenty minutes to pass the reviewing stand.

Full Stock, Low Prices, Always Brings Buyers.

Watch for our big Stock. It has just begun to come in. The Sidewalk will be covered with Full Boxes, none empty.

That's a Secret of Success.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

FURS.

The new Furs are here in plenty. The prices are within reach of all.

- Collarettes from \$1.75 to 25.00
- Scarfs from ——— \$1.50 to 13.50.
- Muffs from. ——— \$1.00 to 10.00.
- Children's Suits.75 to 2.50.

Make your selections now while the assortment is complete. You gain nothing by waiting.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

The Young Housewife.

may consult the best cook book in the world, and yet, sad to relate, turn out rather poor eatables. Skill in cooking must be accompanied by the best materials—flour, sugar, butter, spices and the rest. Where to get them is not much of a question. At Horr's, to be sure. The finest pure food products for desserts.



The Corner Grocery.

B. L. HERR, Prop.

THE STORY TELLER

Romance of Two Widowers

LEMUEL BICKETTS was a widower. So also was Emanuel Croster. It was but natural that there should exist between the two a fellow feeling.

The wife of Lemuel had arisen one day in a fit of ill temper—justified, perhaps, so far as ill temper is ever justified—and repaired to a lawyer's office, where she stated her complaint. Lemuel had not treated her with due consideration. He had expected too much of her. He was old enough to be her father. No woman, she said, could prepare from nothing three meals a day and still retain her self-respect. The lawyer admitted the truth of the statement. He inquired whether or not Lemuel had ever treated her with physical cruelty. Yes; he had made her spit the wood. Very good. At the next term of the district court she was declared free of the bonds which had bound her to Lemuel.

But the case of the wife of Emanuel was a sadder one. She was of a long-suffering sort, and the thought of divorce had never entered into her blunted mind. She did the best she could for Emanuel. When nothing to eat was forthcoming she boiled candlegreens and endured the harsh criticisms of Emanuel in silence. In the end she stretched herself upon the bedding which had constituted her dowry and peacefully repaired to another world. It was a severe shock to Emanuel.

When the funeral had been over for several hours, and the two children had been fed upon milk furnished by a kind neighbor, Emanuel strolled over to console with Lemuel and to be consoled with. He found Lemuel sitting disconsolately upon the front step of his residence. The two older children were beside him. His wife had taken the baby. "Good evening," said Emanuel in a tone of sorrow.

"Same to you," said Lemuel. He arose to the full limit of his awkward, ungainly six feet four inches and extended his hand—he had but one, the other having been removed with the arm at a Fourth of July demonstration. "Glad to see you. How're you feelin'?"

"Bad—bad," said Lemuel, hollowly. "How're you?"

"'Bout the same," replied Lemuel. "The world looks mighty glum to a fellow that ain't got a woman."

"It does that," said Emanuel. "What're you goin' to do?"

"Dunno. What're you?"

"Dunno."

Nothing more was said for a time. Then Lemuel cast off the abstraction which was upon him and spoke.

"I reckon somethin's got to be did for the kids; they've got to have somebody to look after 'em."

"You're right," agreed Emanuel; "the kids must be took care of."

"And nothin' but a woman can do it," said Lemuel.

"Nothin' but a woman," repeated Emanuel.

"Then—"

"Yeah?"

"The thing to do's to get a woman."

"I reckon."

"Women is plenty enough in the world. We'd have no trouble, you and me, gettin' one if we was prettier. I'm lopsided, and you've got a impediment in your suit."

This was very near the truth. Emanuel by some prank of nature had been gifted with knee action at the hips and with hip action at the knees, producing an effect at which some people laughed. It was a tender point with Emanuel, and he flared up a bit at Lemuel's words.

"You're a li—," he began, but Lemuel held up his great, over-developed hand.

"Don't get excited, Man," he said. "Don't forget that she's only been dead a little while. You owe some respect to her memory—though I s'pose," he added, reflectively, "she's 'bout as dead as the ever will be."

"I s'pose," said Emanuel.

Then Lemuel sent the children into the shanty and approached Emanuel, glancing about him cautiously as he did so.

"Man," he said, in a whisper, "I've got the—the dangdest best thing you ever seen."

"What is it?" asked Emanuel, suspiciously.

Lemuel drew a dirty, wrinkled paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "Look at that!" he said, triumphantly, holding up the sheet. "Cupid's Dart. More'n a hundred beautiful, wealthy ladies wants husbands—dyin' for 'em, Man, dyin' for 'em."

Emanuel gasped. "Dido they mean it?" he asked, incredulously.

"Why, of course they mean it—anyway as much as any woman ever means anything. I found this here paper kickin' round in the road yesterday. Dropped out of some wagon. I s'pose. I never knowed before that such things was printed. It's like—like manners from Heaven, ain't it?"

"Kind of. Are you goin' to write to one of 'em?"

"An' I? Well, you bet your life I'm goin' to write to one of 'em. I've got her picked out."

"How're you goin' to do it? Goin' to learn how to write?"

Lemuel smiled shrewdly. "No, I ain't goin' to learn how to write, but I've got it figured out clear enough. You know young Spriggs—him that I pulled out of the creek last spring, 'bout when he was givin' down the last time?"

"Yeah."

"He's the tuition of it. He can write like a house afire, that boy, and

can spell like a almanac. I'm goin' to have him do the writing for pay in part of what he's owing me. He can do it for you, too. If you want, Man. Hey? What do you say, old feller?"

Lemuel slapped the mourning Emanuel on the back and chuckled. Something suspiciously like a chuckle came from Emanuel in return.

"I—I s'pose somethin' got to be did for the kids," he said, "and a woman's the only thing that can do it proper."

"You're right," said Lemuel. "Now, look here, Man." He spread the paper upon the ground and indicated a dirty spot in one column with a dirty forefinger. "Here's the one I've chose. A young lady called pretty by her friends, and possessed of \$150, would like to correspond with some honest man—no dude. Object, matrimony. Address 11772, Cupid's Dart. You see, that hits me to a dot, Man. I ain't no dude."

"No, you ain't, that's a fact," said Emanuel, promptly.

"It costs only ten cents to get started. The letter goes to the paper and they send it on to the young lady, and she answers back, and there you be, slicker'n grease."

"Looks all right," said Emanuel.

"Tis all right," said Lemuel. "Now, Man, you take this ere paper home with you and pick out one for yourself. I ain't no hog. I feel real sorry for you, Man. She—she was a fine woman."

Emanuel gulped. He felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something—something to show his friend that his kindness was not unappreciated.

"S—so was yours, Lem," he said, softly.

"Don't you b'live it," said Lemuel with sudden gruffness. "Mine's a vile snake, Man. But never mind; I know how you meant it. Good night."

"Good night," said Emanuel, and went teetering home.

He sat late that night spelling out laboriously the advertisements in Cupid's Dart, but found none that satisfied him—none excepting the one chosen by Emanuel. None of the others appealed to him. Most of them were impossible. They laid down conditions to which he was quite unable to conform. They insisted unreasonably that the gentleman have wealth or good looks or brilliancy of mind. The few exceptions insisted that the gentleman be willing to work hard in return for the affection of an honest, earnest heart. This was not impossible, but it was unpleasant.

Emanuel shuddered at the suggestion. Time after time his finger returned to the advertisement of the "lady who was called pretty by her friends and who was possessed of \$150." She yearned for an honest man—no dude, and Emanuel's heart was drawn to her. It pained him to think that Lemuel had chosen her first. Lemuel had treated him with great consideration. It was not entirely right for him to covet Lemuel's choice, but he could not help it. Finally he went to sleep.

In the morning he returned the paper to Lemuel, but his eyes fell before those of his friend and he talked mostly in monosyllables.

"Find one?" inquired Lemuel, with a wink.

"No."

"Ain't you goin' to get one?"

"Can't."

"Why?"

"Ain't none to suit."

"Sho, now! Well, I'll tell you; I couldn't find none either, but the one I picked out. Still, I done the best I could for you, Man."

"Uh—huh."

"And I've been figgerin' some. I reckon I'll tell her she's got to take me quick if she wants me, 'cause there's a great demand for me. I ain't goin' to sign my name to the letter. I don't want to get into no breach of promise suit. Course, the lady's probably all right, but there's nothin' like bein' on the safe side."

"Uh—huh."

"So I'm just goin' to have young Spriggs write me down as a gentleman who's honest as daylight and who ain't no dude. I'm goin' to have him tell her 'bout my bein' a property owner and all that and explain that I don't give no name 'cause I want to be dead sure she's square. I reckon she'll be reasonable if she means business."

"Yeah," Emanuel shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Guess your head's level. Hope you have luck, Lem."

"Thanks," said Lemuel. "I'm goin' down to see young Spriggs now."

He turned into the shanty to get his hat, and Emanuel spring-halted away down the road to attend to a little business matter of his own.

The friends, for some reason, did not see each other again for a week. At the end of that time Lemuel appeared at the shanty of Emanuel. His face was flushed by excitement. He held a letter in his hand.

"I've got her, Man," he called. "I've got her!"

Emanuel quickly stowed a letter into his trousers pocket.

"Have, hey?" said he.

"Yeah. Got this to-day through the office of Cupid's Dart. She says for me to come up to Tunkerton—lives up to Tunkerton, Man, where I grewed up—the first of next month. She says to come by the Milwaukee road, so's she'll know I'm comin' when she hears the train whistle. She tells me how to find the house where she's stayin'. She says she knows I'm a good business man 'cause I'm so cautious. She says she does—whatever that is—on good business men. Congratulate me, old feller!"

"Wait till you get her," said Emanuel, dryly.

When Lemuel had gone he drew the letter from his pocket and spelled it over carefully. A friend had read

it to him that afternoon, and he was able to follow it with something approaching accuracy. He had done little else but study it since its receipt. It was from a young lady at Tunkerton. It told him that she believed he was precisely the sort of a man she wanted. It told him to come to Tunkerton on the first day of the next month over the St. Paul road, so that she would know he was coming when she heard the train whistle, and gave him careful directions for finding the house where she was staying.

"I s'pose," thought Emanuel, "that she wants to compare us and take her pick. It 'pears we're both struck her pretty favor'ble. Well, I reckon—arising to look at himself in a cracked mirror—that I can hold my own, and more, too, with Lem."

On the last day of the month Lemuel came over to say good-by. He found Emanuel washing his neck.

"Goin', are you?" said Emanuel. "Well, good luck to you."

"Thanks," said Emanuel. "I wish you was goin' to get a wife—some sweet creature to love, cherish and protect. I wish—"

"O, don't mind me," said Emanuel, scrubbing hard, his face well down toward the basin. "I'll make out to get along. Good-by to you."

"Good-by," said Lemuel.

In the village of Tunkerton there is a long street running from one end of the village to the other. At one extreme of this street is the station of the Milwaukee railway; at the other extreme is the station of the St. Paul. At a point nearly midway between the stations is a small brown house.

Lemuel knew the place well. As a boy and as a young man he had visited it often, and he was much impressed by the coincidence that was bringing him to visit it again. He stopped behind a tree at the corner to wipe his face upon a bandanna handkerchief and to draw a long breath before taking the final plunge.

He wondered if she was peeping coyly from the window, and peered furtively around the tree. There was no sign of life about the small brown house. But beyond the house, down the street where the heat was rising and falling in waves, he saw that which caused him to catch his breath sharply. He dashed his hands across his eyes, and looked again. It was no delusion. Emanuel Croster, gently springing up and down, was coming from the opposite direction. There was a smile upon his face, and a white stand-up collar upon his neck. His eyes were upon the small brown house. There was no doubt as to his purpose.

It came to Lemuel like a flash that Emanuel had been false to him. Emanuel had repaid his kindness by vile treachery. Lemuel's blood boiled within him. He went forward quickly, his face darkened by a frown, his huge fist doubled. At the gate they met. Lemuel spoke not a word. Emanuel opened his lips as if to speak, but Lemuel's fist clugged the words down his throat. The blow was sufficient, had the distance been better judged, to have sent Emanuel into a long sleep. As it was, it merely jarred him. He grunted, and raised one of his feet, implanting a kick upon Lemuel's Sunday trousers. Then they elbowed, rolling in a cloud of dust.

The door of the small brown house opened suddenly, and a woman ran to the gate.

"Gentlemen!" she called to the twisting widowers. "Gentlemen!"

The dust settled gradually. There was a sound of puffing and blowing. Then two perspiring, dust-smeared, bloody faces became visible, each smiling grotesquely. Lemuel retained his hold upon the collar of Emanuel. Emanuel's hand was clutching Lemuel's hair.

"Gentlemen, I—"

The woman was unable to control herself longer. She broke into a laugh that sounded in the dust-filled ears of the two widowers like the crackling of a number of dooms. They sat as if paralyzed, their mouths open. At length the woman spoke.

"Gentlemen—O, you fools! Didn't you think I knew 'twas you, Lem Bicketts, and you, Man Croster? Bill Spriggs told me all about it. Him and me's goin' to be married next week. O—you-fools!"

She laughed again, and Lemuel arose dazedly to his feet. Emanuel arose also. They gazed speechlessly at Lemuel's divorced wife for one long minute. Then they gazed at each other. Involuntarily their hands met.

"Come on, Man," said Lemuel. "You bet!" said Emanuel.

And they trudged briskly away through the dust, the sound of laughter following them. In a secluded place near the railroad they stopped, and threw themselves upon the ground. Lemuel broke the silence.

"Her," he groaned. "O, Lord! She's got \$150, made while she was subsistin' on my bounty. She's a thief, Man. She stole the money she got for washin' and ironin'—stole it from me."

Emanuel groaned sympathetically. "Woman is a delusioner and a snare."

"She are," affirmed Emanuel.

A frog crawled from a puddle at a little distance from them, and blinked wisely.

"Chump!" he croaked. "chump, chump!"

"He means us," said Lemuel. "He co," said Emanuel.—N. Y. Sun.

Her Reply.

The Husband (sourly)—You ought to know better how to use money.

The Wife (sweetly)—Perhaps I could learn if I had a little more to practice with.—Puck.

YOUTH'S DEPARTER

DOLL BERTHA TAKES A NAP.

Come, Bertha, I've swung your hammock right under the blue-tree. And I'm going to swing you to sleep there. For it's shady as shady can be.

There's a dear little nest up above you where the humming-birds come and go. And you can look up and watch them As you swing, dear, to and fro.

Not all dots own such a hammock—I hope you appreciate this! And you look as you lie there, darling, As if hammock-swinging were bliss.

Do you see the pretty cloud-shadows As over the lawn they creep? And the roses—why, Bertha, my darling! Sh! sh!—she is fast asleep!

—Emma C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

VAINGLORIOUS ROOSTER.

Gray Goose Gander Tells How the Crowing Dude Was Taken Up by a Hungry Fox.

Being a dignified old gander, and knowing that one goose is of more value than three hens, I have never had much to say to the roosters and their flocks.

Now and then I have met an old hen who had other thoughts than clucking about and ruffling up her feathers and trying to pass for a pullet, but most of them are not worth a gander's time.

It is still worse with the roosters. I can't say that I ever met one who'd talk about the weather or the crops for five minutes. Their idea is to strut about and show off before the hens and chickens, and because they can crow and fight they try to put on airs over the geese and ducks.

They know what I think of them, however. I've given many of them a good drubbing, and they quit strutting around me years ago.

It was about three years ago we had a rooster here who was a beauty. He was black as night, and his feathers shone like silk, and if it hadn't been for his foolish ways the whole farm would have been proud of him. Because he was big and handsome he thought himself the smartest rooster in the whole state. The other roosters ran from him, and the hens all bowed down, and the chickens held their breath as he passed by.

One day I heard this rooster boasting to the hens that he had heard of a fox being in the neighborhood, and that he was going to hunt him up and drive him away. This was dreadfully foolish talk, and I called the rooster aside after awhile and said:

"My friend, you should not talk such nonsense to the hens. No rooster ever hatched a match for a fox."

"Do you mean that I cannot make the fox run for his life?" he asked.

"Of course you can't. A fox would kill you in a minute. Even the biggest gander is afraid of a fox."

"That's because you are geese and can't crow. My dear old gander, don't

worry about me. I cannot only take care of myself, but of all the ducks, geese and hens beside. Just waddle back to your pond and mind your own business."

I had no more to say. I knew what would happen if a fox and the rooster met, but my words of advice had not been heeded.

That very afternoon, after crowing as loud as he could for ten minutes and strutting up and down in his pride, the rooster set off for the back field to find the fox. The hens flapped their wings and clucked to encourage him, and some of the geese and ducks said he was a brave fowl and ought to wear silver spurs.

"You wait a bit," said I to them. "A rooster who sets out to hunt a fox may be very brave or very much of an idiot. If he ever comes back I'll know a fox from a hollyhock all the rest of his days."

They said I was a jealous old gander, and ought to be ashamed of myself, but I went swimming over to the other side of the pond and let them talk.

When sundown came and the rooster had not come back, the hens began to look very sober. His crow did not sound at daybreak next morning as usual, and soon after breakfast the farmer started out to hunt for him.

It was almost noon when he returned, and in his hand he had three or four black tail feathers belonging to our missing friend. As the wife came out, the husband showed her the feathers and said:

"Mary, here's all that's left of our big black rooster."

"What has happened him?" she asked.

"Why, he went off to the back field by himself yesterday, and a fox must have got hold of him and eaten him up. He was a fine-looking fowl, but he didn't know half as much as a goose."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEAT WISHBONE TRICK.

It is Very Simple and Deceiving and Comes Under the Head of "Optical Illusions."

It is an old saying that the hand is quicker than the eye, and the sleight-of-hand man makes use of this fact in performing some of his seemingly marvelous tricks. Tricks that are deceptive to the eyes are classed among "optical illusions," and are often very simple. The accompanying illustration will help you to understand a simple illusion that may be produced by means of a common wishbone.

For making the little machine shown in the picture a duck's wishbone serves best. Fasten a strong piece of twine to one of the points of the wishbone; pass the twine to the opposite point and fasten, thus connecting the two prongs of the wishbone by two bits of twine. Half way between the prongs and between the cords insert a match and twist it, turning it over

and over until the cords are well twisted together. Then pull the match back so that one end of it rests on the shank of the wishbone.

Now if you reverse the position of the match so that its loose end rests on the opposite side of the wishbone and has to be held in place to keep it from flying back your machine will be ready for the experiment. When you release your restraining finger from the match the end of the match will instantly describe a complete circle, as shown by the dotted lines in the picture, but the funny part of it is that the match will seem to cut right through the shank of the wishbone in order to get to the other side. You may do the trick as many times as you please, but the eye will never detect the match in the act of describing the circle.—Chicago Record.

THE WISHBONE TRICK.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

It Represents Not Only the Nation, But Has the Constitution and Civil Liberty.

When Henry Ward Beecher presented an American flag to a battalion of the Fourteenth Brooklyn regiment of volunteers, in 1861, he said:

"It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the constitution. It is the government. It is the free people who stand in the government for the constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its ideas, rather than its mere emblazonry, be true to your country's flag."

It is because the flag is all this that it occupies so conspicuous and honorable a place in military life.

The origin of the flag is really in doubt. The story of Mrs.etsy Ross and Gen. Washington may well stand until history reveals a better one. On the 14th of June, 1777, the American congress adopted a resolution establishing a flag of 13 stripes and 13 stars in a field of blue. While the stripes had been used before, there is no satisfactory evidence that the union of stars had been in public use before this resolution of congress. This resolution was not officially promulgated until September, 1777; but it is doubtless true that the stars and stripes were carried in the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and they were ever afterwards borne in the battles of the revolution. The first time the American flag received a foreign salute was in a French port, February 11, 1778, when the flag of the Ranger, a ship commanded by John Paul Jones, was paid that honor.

The flag remained without change until 1792, when congress ordered it to have 15 stripes and 15 stars—Vermont and Kentucky having then been admitted into the union. On April 4, 1818, congress went back to the original 13 stripes, and provided that, upon the admission into the union of a new state, an additional star should be placed in the field on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission. I next succeeding such admission. I think it was when Idaho was about to be admitted that I had the honor to call the attention of the congressional delegate and others interested for that territory to this provision of the law; and the necessary forms of admission were hurried forward in order that Idaho might be represented on the flag of that year—July 4, 1890—together with the other new states which had been admitted some months previously, under the administration of President Harrison. The flag now contains 48 stars, and has done so since the 4th of July, 1906, the last state admitted being the state of Utah.—The Wellsping.

The Moth and the Flame.

Moths fly against a candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of the candle their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and as they cannot distinguish objects they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

Was Brought Up All Over.

Little May's parents had changed their place of residence frequently, and one day when some older persons were telling where they were born and brought up she said, with a sigh: "I was just born everywhere and brought up all over."

Hard to Suit.

"Highly went up to see the Thousand Islands on a special rate excursion ticket."

"How did he enjoy the trip?"

"He came back threatening to sue the railroad company."

"What for?"

"He couldn't count but 553 islands."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rapid Locomotion.

Mistress—You say you are well recommended?

Maid—Indeed, ma'am; I have 59 excellent references.

Mistress—And you have been in domestic service?

Maid—Two years, ma'am.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

An up-to-date junk dealer in James street hangs out this sign: "I Am a Buy Metalist."—Town Topics.

An Up-to-Date Breakdown.—"Yes, they eloped in an automobile." "That was nice." "Oh, I don't know. They came back in a hayrack, dragging the auto after them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Seeing and Hearing.—A boarder "down east," accustomed to the noise of a city square, writes back that "The stillness is so great at night you can hear it. The darkness also is visible."—Boston Transcript.

How It Worked.—Mrs. Hix—"I don't believe in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands." Mrs. Dix—"Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way."—Pearson's Weekly.

Urgent.—A Winfield lawyer received a letter from a client the other day urging him to hasten a certain collection. "I am hard up," concluded the writer, "and need the money bad. Hoping this will find you the same. I am yours," etc.—Kansas City Journal.

"Stop!" she cried, as he attempted to kiss her. "You must!" He, having had but little experience in this sort of thing, was inclined to take her at her word. She noticed it and hastened to repeat: "Stop! You mused—my hair." Then he resumed, but more carefully.—Catholic Standard.

Deficiency in the Attic.—"I am a self-made man," said the proud individual. "Well, you are all right, except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation. "How is that?" "The part you talk with is out of proportion with the part you think with."—Baltimore American.

Druggists' Prices.—Druggist—"People think they are very funny when they talk about the exorbitant prices asked by apothecaries." Customer—"So there is nothing in it, eh?" Druggist—"No, indeed. I consider my prices quite reasonable. I never ask for an article anywhere near as much as I should like to."—Boston Transcript.

FOLLOWED THE SCRIPTURES.

Sad Fate of the Boy Who Played Post in the Game of Fight-Ing.

"I don't know what to make of that boy of mine," said the fond father, who is always talking about his son, getting his friend in a corner where he couldn't escape, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. "When I went home last night my wife told me that he had been fighting with one of the neighbors' boys, and needed a talking to, so I summoned him and said, sternly:

"What have you been doing, my son?"

"Fighting," he answered, shortly, looking me straight in the eye.

"So I see," said I, looking him over. "He's bigger than I" he flashed, with a ring in his voice.

"Who?"

"Jimmy Jones."

"So you have been fighting with Jimmy Jones?"

"Yes," he said.

"Son," said I, sternly, "have you forgotten what I said about fighting?"

"He hit me on the cheek!" shouted my boy, with kindling eye.

"Oh, son, son," said I, "don't you know what the Bible says about turning the other cheek?"

"I remembered it, pop—horst. I did—and turned the other cheek, but instead of hitting me there, he smashed me on the nose! Say, pop, wasn't that a foul?"

"It looks like it, son," said I, trying hard not to laugh.

"That's what I thought; he exclaimed as quick as a wink, 'so I sailed in and licked the stuff' out of him! 'Tain't no use, pop; I interposed the boy, quickly, forestalling my remarks, 'he's been to Sunday school just as much as I have and knows the proper thing to do as well as I do!'"

"Now, what could I say to that," exclaimed the fond father, beaming with satisfaction.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Nautical Miles and Knots.

Nautical miles and knots are again in a state of confusion. This is the natural result of the sh

CAMPBELL'S STORIES

McKINLEY'S WAR RECORD.

A Thrilling Incident of the Battle of Antietam in Which He Was the Central Figure.

"There are some romances of war which almost reconcile one to the grim tragedies, because war alone can wave the threads and develop the qualities of heroes," said a writer in Success.

"The civil war had scarcely broken out when a sturdy lad of 17 walked into the recruiting office of John C. Fremont, the great Pathfinder, in an Ohio town.

"He simply asked to be enlisted and sent to the front. His eagerness was noticed by the veteran plainman, who spoke kindly to him and ordered that his name be enrolled.

"There began a life romance which culminated in the white house. The boy was William McKinley. He was assigned to the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, of which Rutherford B. Hayes was colonel.

"At Antietam came an incident which, in my opinion, is one of the most thrilling of that awful war. Lee had pushed his victorious legions into Maryland. Stonewall Jackson was by his side. Longstreet was in the front of the fight—all on the southern side. On the northern side were McClellan and Sheridan, grimly contesting every foot of the advance. On the first day of the battle, September 17, 1862, the troops on both sides fought with such desperation that no less than 23,000 men were wounded or killed. On the second day, from early morning, Lee's terrific fire was directed upon the federal line, which had been turned against his right. On the banks of the creek, to the left of the bridge, was the Twenty-third Ohio. Col. Hayes had been wounded shortly before, at South Mountain, so he was not in command of his regiment this day. He was in the village a few miles to the rear, watching the smoke of battle in agonized unrest. Gen. Scammon was in command in his stead. Away to the rear was the commissary sergeant of the regiment, waiting for orders. As the hot and dusty day wore on and evening fell this sergeant grew impatient to be at the front, not to fight, but to carry food and drink to his exhausted comrades, who had had neither breakfast nor dinner. Finally he hooked up two wagons, called for volunteer drivers, and started for the front without orders. As he approached the front one team of mules was shot down. With the other he pushed on, braving the leaden hail and the bursting shells, and succeeded in reaching the boys of his command.

"How they cheered him as he drove up! A few minutes later Gen. Scam-

mon rode up to ascertain the cause of the cheering. Instead of reprimanding the boy, he thanked him for his thoughtfulness and bravery and permitted him to distribute the refreshments under fire. With his own hand Sgt. McKinley—for it was he—passed around cups of steaming hot coffee and liberal rations of bread and meat. The fight was maintained right along. The battle proved to the north that Lee could be defeated.

"Col. Hayes was so pleased when he heard of this exploit that he asked Gen. Todd, of Ohio, to commission the boy a lieutenant. This was done September 24, 1862.

"Thus in one brave boy's life there has been a triple romance—his enlistment by a presidential candidate, his recommendation by another man who became president for a commission, and finally his own accession to the chief magistracy of the nation."

Didn't know the Article.

Some people from the city were camping on the shore of a little lake in Vermont. One day two young ladies of the party went to the nearest store and asked for deviled ham. Of course the rural proprietor did not keep such a wicked-sounding article. After the young ladies had gone out a letter said to the proprietor:

"What on air'd them gals want?"

"Land 'f I know," was the reply.

"Some hellish stuff or 'nuther," Judge.

Worse Than Bullets.

A soldier of the Twentieth Kansas tells this story at the expense of a fellow-soldier: "When we were sent out on the firing-line, Pete Hogan was lying behind a tree, out of the way of bullets. All at once he yelled out like a wild man: 'Captain, I cannot stand these damned ants biting me all the time!' Zip! A bullet passed close to his body. 'On second thoughts, captain,' he yelled, 'I can stand them!'"

San Francisco Argonaut.

PICTURES OF THE SLAIN.

Grotesque Enterprise of a Case Hardened Photographer Who Took "Snappers" of the Dead.

There are those who recall entertaining recollections of photographing the dead. With one of these the narrator is acquainted, and in a recent conversation he indulged in tales of experiences that are worth repeating, says the Philadelphia Times. Said he: "I first took pictures of the dead on the battlefield of Antietam. It was a warm September morning, three days after the great fight. I had a boy with me to assist in preparing the chemicals. He only worked for an hour. With boyish curiosity he went poking about and picked up an unexploded shell. He was then on the bank of a creek about half a mile off. I never knew how it happened, but the bomb exploded and almost blew him to pieces.

"It would be useless to go over the scene of that carnage again to tell of the ghastly afterthoughts of that awful fight, which made so many widows and orphans. I was nervous and excited, and you can depend it did not tend to quiet my nerves when I unwittingly



PHOTOGRAPHING THE DEAD.

planted one leg of the camera stand on the chest of a dead union drummer boy. By some means he had been partly buried in a patch of soft soil. Nothing was visible but the buttons of his blouse and one foot. A 'dark-room' was improvised by hanging heavy army blankets from the limbs of a low tree, and after taking four negatives I packed up my traps and started for Philadelphia.

It was a slow and dangerous journey, but I made it safely and began printing pictures. They sold like wildfire at 25 cents and one dollar each. I was nearly \$2,000 in pocket in less than two weeks and determined to repeat the programme after the next big battle. It came with Frederickburg. My anxiety to get a view of the field after the retreat of the union army led to trouble. I was captured by three Confederate stragglers and taken down the Happpahannock in a rowboat. They suspected me of being a spy, I suppose, and the photographing apparatus merely a blind. At any rate the valuable camera, chemicals, jars and everything else were dumped into the river. I was taken before Gen. Lee, personally, and charged with being a spy. No explanation availed anything. It was not believed that I was a photographer. One of Gen. Lee's staff—I think his name was Murray—proposed that I should be tested. An aid de camp galloped off and procured the necessary apparatus and I photographed the general and his entire staff on a day cold enough to freeze the words in a man's mouth. The officers were evidently impressed with the idea of my innocence. A short consultation followed, and then Gen. Lee himself said to me: 'Sir, it appears that you are simply engaged in earning a livelihood, and I believe honestly. You are at liberty.' I was blindfolded, put back in the boat and landed within 20 miles of where Burnside had his winter quarters. From that day to this I never knew where I was. Here is the picture of Lee and his staff, and the photographer exhibited the faded likeness which had probably saved his life.

COL. BOB AND GEN. LEE.

An Old Army Male That Obeys Military Orders and Needs No Driving Lines.

A military mule and a military negro driver are curiosities of the street cleaning department, and when the pair get a day street assignment they command lots of attention. A reporter was near the corner of Bay and Hogan streets the other day when Col. Bob, the negro, and Gen. Lee, the mule, came to empty the garbage barrels, says the Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

"Halt!" rang out in stentorian tones, and caused everybody to look up. Col. Bob hoisted the barrel and the mule tried to kick a fly from his nose with his hind hoof. "Tention!" called Col. Bob in military accents, and the mule pricked up his ears and threw his head high in the air.

When the garbage had been collected Col. Bob wished to cross the street, and, shouldering his spade, he called "Right wheel, forward march!" and without pausing at the mule Col. Bob marched across the street and Gen. Lee wheeled around and crossed over, until the cry "Halt!" again greeted his long ears. When the dump cart had been filled Col. Bob mounted the seat and called "Tention, parade dress, step lively now," and without requiring Col. Bob to touch the lines the mule took the right side of the street and went off at a quiet trot.

Gen. Lee was formerly an army mule and was purchased by the city when the soldiers left Jacksonville at the close of the Spanish-American war. Col. Bob was a truckman in the commissary department and drove Gen. Lee during the encampment here.

THEIR EXPENSE ACCOUNTS.

Something of a Difference Between the Outlays of a Bishop and a Drummer.

At the Methodist general conference recently held in Chicago certain members, both lay and clerical, freely criticized the large expense accounts of some of the bishops, relating the Chicago Chronicle. They were charged with extravagance, and told they had no right to live like princes while serving the Lord. Bishop McCabe has felt personally aggrieved by these criticisms, and has published a reply. He declares that his own annual traveling expenses average less than \$300. The bishop's bill certainly looks modest. He states that a commercial traveler to whom he showed his account "laughed long and loud" and said: "I don't know how you can work all over the world for a day for traveling expenses. This comparison unquestionably is most favorable to the bishop. One is reminded, however, that there are certain necessary items of heavy expenditure to the account of a successful drummer which are escaped by an itinerant bishop. If Bishop McCabe were obliged to treat his constituents as liberally and as frequently as the average commercial traveler he would find an allowance of eight dollars per day none too ample.

THE HARDEST HEAD YET.

It Proved Too Tough to Kick at Cheerful 'Rastus' Found to His Sorrows.

Cheerful 'Rastus' hobbled, painfully into the office of the city physician, supported by two abbreviated broom handles, says the Detroit Free Press.

"What's your trouble, how is the limb to-day?" inquired one of the young men in charge.

"Tough, tough," replied 'Rastus', grinning like a new moon.

"Ah, tell us," he said, as the dressings were changed, "Ah, heard all kin's stories about coon's heads—how hard they are to tempt for breakin'—but I never tell ye, 'Rastus' knows about it 'tel ye runs again to real thing. Me an' dis feller was wokin' together puttin' up a biter, an' a desertation ariz between us, an' Ah, in de 'ruler-ance of me feelin', kicked wid all me might. Well, Ah reckoned ter strike him on de head, an' Ah did. 'David Ah did! Caught him squar. He reval moved—no, sah! But de fraction didn't crick ter him, but break three of my toes, an' dat's what Ah'm here fo'—ah! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

And cheerful 'Rastus', with the broken toes, laughed hilariously while the physician readjusted the splints.

Russia's New Calendar.

It is said that Russia is about to adopt a new calendar. Each year contains 13 months of twenty-eight days each, and begins on Monday and ends on Saturday. The main feature of this calendar is its apparent stability, and in this it resembles the soviet remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has had an unmovable position for half a century. Try it for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, or insomnia, but be sure you get the genuine.

Pessimist and Fatalist.

The indignant looking passenger was about to speak, but the conductor checked him off by exclaiming: "A loud tone of irritation! What's the use of having a schedule if we don't pay any attention to it? The drinking water tastes as if it hadn't been off the kitchen range ten minutes. The car doesn't look as if it had been swept for a month, and it is full of idiots who insist on opening the windows when we go through tunnels, so that the conductors catch their breath and then exclaim: 'I was just about to say that this whole affair is an outrage.' 'I know it. But you're lucky. You can travel a few miles and then get off and be happy. But I've got to stay on this train for hours every day of my life.'—Washington Star.

Farmers and Homeseekers.

Keep your eye on "The Best Country on Earth." In Northwest North Dakota. The richest grain producing, black loam soil in the world. Good water, good timber, good market facilities the best. We have a few farms at present to offer at Big Bargains.

No. 101.—600 acre farm, 5 miles from good market, 7 miles from county seat, 250 acres under highest cultivation. Balance can all be broken 30 acres of fence, water, black loam soil, 1200 acres of timber, stone foundation, barn 40x70, addition 16x7, 15' posts, stone cement. Blacksmith shop, 6 granaries and other outbuildings, 3 good wells of water. One mile from school house in thickly settled neighborhood.

No. 102.—200 acre farm, 10 miles from county seat and market. Population of country near 100,000. 115 acres under cultivation. 30 acres good meadow, balance can all be cultivated. Good black loam and clay subsoil. Good well of water.

No. 103.—160 acre farm, all well, joins the city limits, a county seat. All good tillable land, black loam and clay subsoil. A first-class quarter section.

Terms—Some cash down, balance time to suit.

Take advantage of this opportunity before it slips away. Address: NORTH DAKOTA LAND & LOAN CO., Bismarck, North Dakota, N. D.

At the Summer Hotel.

Miss Gaby (speaking of the mountain)—It was terribly high, and papa like to never get over it.

Papa (who thinks she is speaking of something else)—Yes, and I told the landlord he had better just get a sandwich and work like any other footpad if he expected to make charges like that.—Baltimore American.

A Wife Equal to a Gold Mine.

My husband was in debt and I, being anxious to help him, thought I would sell my American Self Heating Flat Iron, and am doing splendidly. A cent's worth of fuel will heat the iron for one day, so you have a perfectly even heat. You can iron in half the time and no danger of scorching the clothes, as with the old iron, and you can get the most beautiful pines. I sell at nearly every house, as the iron is so convenient and economical everybody wants one. I have not made less than five dollars any day I worked. My brother-in-law does well, and I think any one can make lots of money anywhere selling these irons. Retail price \$3.75 each. The Roberts A. & O. Iron Co., St. Paul, Minnesota, are the sole manufacturers and will start any one in the business, as they did me, if you will address them.

Mrs. J. C. HARRIS.

Part of the Cure.

Mr. Henpeck—The doctor says I absolutely must go away next week for a rest.

Mrs. Henpeck—Goodness! I can't possibly manage to get away to go with you then.

"Um! I guess the doctor must have known that."—Philadelphia Press.

Some lawyers receive a larger fee for keeping quiet than others do for talking.—Chicago Daily News.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Peppermint Fruit.

The person who lives on hope is seldom troubled with obesity.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. C.

Medal Awarded Walter Baker & Co. Paris, Aug. 20.—The judges of the Paris Exposition have just awarded a gold medal to Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., for their preparations of Cocoa and Chocolate. This famous company, now the largest manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate in the World, have received the highest awards from the great International and other expositions in Europe and America; this is the third award from a Paris Exposition.—New York Tribune.

And Willie Knew.

Little Willie—Paw, I'm a miracle! Mr. Henpeck—Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?

"Well, the teacher told us that baldness was caused by a microbe."—Baltimore American.

LOW-RATE EXCURSIONS.

Via Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route.

To points in the West, Southwest and South-east, at half rates (plus \$2.00) for the round trip. Tickets on sale Tuesday, September 16th and 18th, October 23rd and 25th, November 6th and 24th, and December 4th and 18th, 1900. For full information, find folders, etc., address any agent of above lines, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Easily Made.

Troublesome Voter—I must say, sir, that I consider you have broken your promise to your constituents.

Young Legislator—Really, Mr. Banks, I'm awfully sorry, don't you know, but (smiling) I think I can make another just as good!—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Among the Ozarks."

The Land of the Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, with views of South Missouri scenery. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and is of interest to fruit-growers and to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm.

Free. Mailed free. Address J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.

If the poor insist upon playing golf, it will be with this precisely as it was with apoplexy; our best people will drop it.—Detroit Journal.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. J. H. Bobbitt, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some wives, like watches, have pretty faces, delicate hands, and are good to look upon—but somewhat difficult to regulate.—Chicago Daily News.

Carter's Ink is Scientifically compounded of the best materials. If your dealer does not keep it he can get it for you.

Customer—"What would be the price of a ring like this?" Jeweler—"The buying or selling price?"—Town Topics.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest rain. Subscribers will disapprove. Ask for 1899 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Delicious Desserts.

Burnham's Hasty Jellycups makes the finest dessert, jelly, clear and sparkling and deliciously flavored. Prepared in a minute. It is only necessary to dissolve in hot water and set away to cool. Flavors: orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry and unflavored "clafoutis" for making wine and coffee jellies. All grocers sell it.

MONEY FOR SOLDIERS' HEIRS.

Heirs of Union Soldiers who made homesteads of less than 80 acres before June 22, 1870, may still secure the homestead. Homesteads are sold at 25¢ per acre, should address, with full particulars, HENRY S. LOFF, Washington, D. C.

At the Summer Hotel.

Miss Gaby (speaking of the mountain)—It was terribly high, and papa like to never get over it.

Papa (who thinks she is speaking of something else)—Yes, and I told the landlord he had better just get a sandwich and work like any other footpad if he expected to make charges like that.—Baltimore American.

A Wife Equal to a Gold Mine.

My husband was in debt and I, being anxious to help him, thought I would sell my American Self Heating Flat Iron, and am doing splendidly. A cent's worth of fuel will heat the iron for one day, so you have a perfectly even heat. You can iron in half the time and no danger of scorching the clothes, as with the old iron, and you can get the most beautiful pines. I sell at nearly every house, as the iron is so convenient and economical everybody wants one. I have not made less than five dollars any day I worked. My brother-in-law does well, and I think any one can make lots of money anywhere selling these irons. Retail price \$3.75 each. The Roberts A. & O. Iron Co., St. Paul, Minnesota, are the sole manufacturers and will start any one in the business, as they did me, if you will address them.

Mrs. J. C. HARRIS.

Part of the Cure.

Mr. Henpeck—The doctor says I absolutely must go away next week for a rest.

Mrs. Henpeck—Goodness! I can't possibly manage to get away to go with you then.

"Um! I guess the doctor must have known that."—Philadelphia Press.

Some lawyers receive a larger fee for keeping quiet than others do for talking.—Chicago Daily News.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Peppermint Fruit.

The person who lives on hope is seldom troubled with obesity.—Puck.

Dying is as simple as washing when you use FURBER'S FAMOUS DRESS. Sold by all druggists.

Very few people do well in an emergency.—Athletic Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. C.

Women Think About This

In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with

A Woman

A woman whose experience in treating female ills is greater than that of any living person, male or female.

She has fifty thousand such testimonial letters as we are constantly publishing showing that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving hundreds of suffering women.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has restored to health.

Mrs. Pinkham makes no statements she cannot prove. Her advice is free.

Lydia E. Pinkham, Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pills (cure) will cure Biliousness and Licking Stomach. It absorbs the excess of bile from the system, acts as a cathartic, gives invigorating effect. Prepared for Physicians and the general public. Address: Dr. J. C. Williams, Med. Co., Lowell, Mass.

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

When women and others fall ill, write to Dr. J. C. Williams, Med. Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

LADIES! When women and others fall ill, write to Dr. J. C. Williams, Med. Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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"Home, Sweet Home" Excursion

OHIO, INDIANA and KENTUCKY

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LOW RATES

From Peoria, Illinois, to

INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN \$5.00

CINCINNATI AND RETURN \$7.00

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THE NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

NATIONAL TRUST.
President—William M. Kiley.
Vice-President—Theodore Roosevelt.
CONGRESSIONAL TRUST.
Member of Congress—Webster E. Brown.
SENATORIAL TRUST.
State Senator—Daniel E. Jordan.
ASSEMBLY TRUST.
Member of Assembly—Nathan E. Lane.
STATE TRUST.
For Governor—Robert M. La Follette.
For Lieutenant Governor—James C. H. Brown.
For Secretary of State—William H. French.
For Treasurer—James O. Davidson.
For Attorney General—Samuel E. Hix.
For Superintendent of Schools—J. D. Harvey.
For Railroad Commissioner—Graham L. Rice.
For Insurance Commissioner—Eugene C. Johnson.

THE LABORING MAN'S FRIEND.

Many Wisconsin Republicans use good logic in arguing that the state should be represented in the national legislature by those who represent the manufacturing industries of our great commonwealth. This is especially true of the northern districts, the Ninth in particular. W. E. Brown, the Republican nominee for member of Congress, represents our district's interests and should occupy a seat in the halls of Congress to protect them. Lumbering will continue for many years to be the main stay of northern Wisconsin. Mr. Brown will zealously strive to hold aloft the protective policy of his party which gives health and vigor to the industry upon which we so largely depend. The Democratic nominee represents the free trade faction in our national politics, whose anti-protective ideas, if carried out again, would cripple and kill a gigantic industry and make paupers of our laborers. We've had one experience in recent years which proved an expensive lesson: one by which we believe the wage earners will profit. We hope and believe they are alive to their own interests and on election day will cast their vote for Webster E. Brown, the champion of their interests.

The Republicans of northern Wisconsin seem to be the only political party that ever gives it a thought that the manufacturing interests are deserving of recognition. With the Democrats, their only desire is to carry out their fool hobby of free trade, free silver and free soup, little caring what misery to man or destruction to business it may bring. Their only ambition is to gain control of the reins of government to drive it to commercial and industrial suicide. In the Republican party, the trend of sentiment is growing in favor of those who manufacture and give employment, as against the professional political wire-pullers. Such men as Mr. Brown, possessing ability and faith in their localities are deserving of political recognition. Mr. Brown has proven himself a true friend of the laboring classes. During the recent panic, forced upon us by Democracy's fool legislation, sawmills throughout the north were forced to idleness. Hundreds were closed. Not so with Brown Brothers of Rhinelander. While they experienced a deficit month after month they continued operations right along. It was a financial trial which many employers would have staggered and fell under. They had confidence that the American people would detect their error of belief and would vote a change which came and was joyously welcomed throughout the country. Out of sympathy, and that alone, they kept their wheels of industry moving. Another thing. They shunned the thought of closing down their mills and throwing their employees out for the reason that business was not promising.

These are facts that have made Mr. Brown popular among the laboring classes. They know him to be in sympathy with their interests. They recognize in him a keen reasoner, a man of intelligence, wide-awake and vigorous, a man of industrial ability. They know that a vote for him is a vote for prosperity and plenty.

BRYAN ON INCREASE IN MONEY.

In his speech of acceptance to the Populists at Topeka, Mr. Bryan said that "if an increase in the volume of currency since 1896, though unprompted by the Republicans, has brought improvement in industrial conditions, this improvement, instead of answering the arguments set forth in favor of bimetalism, only confirms the contention of those who insisted that more money would make better times." The remark reveals anew the blind spot in Bryan's vision, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. All the money added to the circulation since 1896 is real money, maintained at a parity with gold, and, therefore, worth its face the world over. The money of which Bryan speaks, as will be

seen by those who read his speech, is to be composed of irredeemable greenbacks or of 45c silver dollars. In a short time the rag money would drive out even the depreciated silver and Bryan money would be government paper, redeemable in neither gold nor silver, and running a downward course, as all such currency has done, until it became worthless.

Mr. Bryan did not think it advisable to state how much the volume of currency and all as good as gold, has increased during the McKinley administration. Nor is he likely to give the figures in any of his speeches. They are a smashing argument against financiers of his school. But the people will remember them while Bryan is pouring forth his flood of counterfeit wisdom. On April 1 last the money in circulation was larger than it was on the same date four years before by \$192,645,017. The increase was not only equal in value to gold, but half of it was gold. The total stock of gold was \$185,000,000, and the total volume of currency \$2,021,274,500. The money of the United States, gold value, has been increasing more than \$100,000,000 a year since McKinley was inaugurated. Bryan asserted at Topeka that the deluded money he advocates would make still better times, which is to say that the real and the sham are equal. The idea is truly Bryanesque.

The Democratic apology for free silver is that it is a way down toward the tail of the platform as though that were evidence that they did not mean it. If they do not mean it, they are trying to fool the country with a falsehood, knowing it to be such. If they do mean it, in the event of securing a Democratic house and Bryan's election, they will not delay in commencing to tinker with the tariff and trade with the financial policy of the government.

Bryan has a peculiar sort of logic. Before the convention he insisted and commanded that a 16 to 1 plank be inserted in the platform, saying that the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform was not sufficient. Now that nothing was said in the Kansas City platform about the income tax, he declares that the endorsement of the Chicago platform covers the question perfectly. Such trifling may be thought shrewd, but it is neither good politics nor respectable statesmanship.

Here is another sentence from Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance which has a decided application to those Southern states where disfranchisement of the negro is practised: "Once admit that some people are capable of self government and that others are not, and that the capable people have a right to seize upon and govern the incapable and you make force—brute force—the only foundation of government and invite the reign of the despot."

The total vote of Alabama in the recent election was 159,000. Alabama has two United States Senators and nine members of the House of Representatives. According to the census returns there must be some "government without the consent of the governed" in that state.

"Men dare to do in crowds what they would not dare to do as individuals," declared Mr. Bryan in his Indianapolis speech. Yet, strange as it may appear, this remark was not aimed at the Democrats of Kentucky and North Carolina.

In his criticism of the Philadelphia platform Mr. Bryan was not fair enough to concede that the Republican nominees are standing by every word of it and not striving to conceal any particular plank.

We are glad to notice the positive tone of Mr. Altgeld's interview in reference to the Anarchists of this and other countries. Surely he is an unquestionable authority upon that topic.

The Hon. James S. Hogg openly charged the Hon. Joe Bailey with consorting with trusts. Is the octopus getting in its deadly work among the Texas Democrats?

Mr. Bryan started into politics as a free trader, later he took up free silver and now he appears to be disposed to try a little freebooting.

Mr. Bryan might tell us in the next of his truly great speeches just how heavy a burden he would find an income tax to be at the present time.

In The Amusement World.

"A Wise Woman" was the bill at the Grand opera house on Wednesday evening of last week. For laughing purposes, it took the whole cake. It was a laughable farce comedy, in which Frederick Murphy and Miss Lamour, the talented young actor and actress, appeared in the leading roles. The performance was the best of its kind that has ever visited our city and the audience was a most appreciative one. The support was exceptionally strong. In fact everyone in the cast was an artist in his or her line. As is usually the case when a strictly first-class attraction visits us, the audience was small. Mr. Murphy, the star, is a young man, but already he has gained a national reputation. His ability is appreciated in the large cities. Should he ever visit Rhinelander again, which we doubt very much he will, he should be given the patronage and appreciation he deserves—a house crowded with smiling faces.

The second rehearsal for the home talent minstrel was held Tuesday evening. The performance by the local dark face artists will be given as the Grand opera house, Monday evening, September 21. About thirty of our talented young people will take part and will give the audience a present performance that will put to shame many of the traveling aggregations that visit our city. Following are the young people who will take part: Al. Lytle, Chas. Bell, Ernest McKeljohn, Alex. Meliac, Thos. Taggart, Fred Penny, Harry Johnson, Ray La Selle, Art Jenkins, Ralph Martell, Garcey, Dave Martell, George Lombert, Shawano Keel, Eugene Conway, Gay Thompson, Matt Richards, Mabel Keel, Anna Plunkett, Mrs. Fred Perron, Eva Martell, Eva Mason. The proceeds of the entertainment will go toward the rebuilding of the Catholic church. Squel's orchestra of eight pieces will furnish the music.

The "Coontown 400" was the attraction at the Grand opera house last Friday evening and a mighty poor attraction it was. This aggregation of nonentities in the minstrel profession visited Rhinelander last spring and were not so very bad, but in their last appearance they were about the worst that ever happened. The audience was small, in fact every one present looked like thirty cents and wondered what they were there for. The performance was a cross between a minstrel and an Indian pow wow.

The play "Hans Hanson" was presented at the Grand opera house last Monday evening to a fair sized audience. Everyone present was well pleased with the performance. James T. McAlpin as "Hans" was very clever to say the least. Mrs. Dolly Foster, the leading support, was not at all handsome, but what she lacked in good looks, she made up in her acting. The specialties introduced by McAlpin were first-class, especially his warbling songs.

The Lyman Twins, supported by a capable company, presented a clever farce "A Merry Chase," at the Grand last night, and will continue the remainder of the week. The play is singularly free from horseplay and

vulgarity, and is constructed upon conventional lines. It is somewhat on the order of "My Friend From India." "What Happened to Jones" and plays of that order. The point of interest is centered upon Duke Stubs (Herbert Lyman) and his friend, Darrid Summer (Howard Lyman). Young Stubs has enlisted the services of his young friend to help him out of difficulty, and the complications arise from the resemblance of the two chaps, which is so close that no one knows one from the other. Neither does anyone know that there are two of them instead of one, until the end of the last act. The Lyman are very clever in the "duplicate" roles, and the mirror scene in the last act inspired much applause. Charles Emery was one of the strongest members of the cast, and his portrayal of David Stubs, "a gay old boy," was very good. The play abounds in amusing situations, and contains some bright lines.—Grand Rapids Journal. At the Grand opera house, Friday evening, September 7.

Among the notables of J. H. Pearl's combination, who appear at the Grand opera house next week, commencing Monday night, September 10, are the following well known artists: "The Abyss" in living statues, late of Barnum, Ringlin Bros. and Foranagh and Sells Bros. shows; the Elliott Bros. triple horizontal bar artists; La Pearl sisters, the greatest trapeze performers in the world; Zat Zam and Omega, Hindoo magicians; Morison, the great pantomime clown; Nellie Carson in illustrated songs; Little Ray by La Pearl in negro songs and cake walks; Nat Blossom black face comedian; Harry La Pearl, Spanish songs; Little Della La Pearl, the flying perch artist; Lizzie La Pearl, balancing trapeze performer; Charles Mest, the Bohemian Violinist; Edson Biograph, with the latest moving pictures of the Paris exposition. In fact the company is composed of "All Star Performers."

Among the many robust tenors before the public today none is more deservedly popular than Mr. Spencer Robinson, one of the features with the Sonating-Tobinson company, which will appear in conjunction with Heywood's Orchestra at the Grand opera house on Saturday evening, Sept. 8. This gentleman has great vocal resources, and by reason of conscientious study he understands how to use them right. He has the full tenor compass and sings either in delicate mezzo voice, or of stirring bravura force, as he possesses great dramatic feeling, he often rises to unusual excellence in his interpretations, and is at all times worthy of commendation. This worthy entertainment is given under the auspices of the Modern Woodmen of this city.

The Lyman Twins have outdone all previous efforts in the production of their great comedy success, "A Merry Chase," this season carrying a much stronger company, more specialties and putting on the comedy on a grander and more elaborate scale. They believe in giving the people the play to all that they come to see, and if the truth were known this point has been the keyhole to their wonderful success. At the Grand opera house tomorrow (Friday) evening.

THE WISCONSIN GAME LAWS.

Season For Small Game Opened Last Saturday—A Few Facts.

The hunting season in Wisconsin for most small game opened last Saturday. It may not be amiss for us to publish a list of the open dates for killing the various deer and fox inhabitants of the forests. They are as follows:

Snipe and plover, sharp-tailed grouse of any variety, partridge, pheasants, or ruffed grouse, woodcock and prairie chicken or prairie chicken September 1st to December 1st.

Pheasants—Chinese, English or Mongolian, and quail of any variety, protected until September 1st.

Brant, wild duck and snipe and aquatic fowl of all varieties, excepting wild geese, September 1st to January 1st. Swan protected perpetually.

Wild geese September 1st to May 1st.

Deer, buck, doe or fawn, November 1st to November 20th. Same are protected in Shoshogon and Fond du Lac counties until 19th, 1902.

Otter, marten or fisher, October 1st to May 1st.

Any variety of trout April 15th to September 1st. All other food fish, May 25 to March 1, excepting in Walworth county (excepting Geneva lake), in Pewaukee lake in Devil's lake, when closed season runs from December 1 to May 25. Above not to apply to Rush lake or Geneva lake.

Shipments of game, animals, or venison prohibited after expiration time limited and prescribed for the killing of the same.

The shipment of any game or fish exceeding 20 pounds in weight without the state, except accompanied by owner, is prohibited under severe penalty.

Unlawful to kill more than two deer in any one year, or sell or ship after November 25. No person is permitted to hunt without a license.

NICE WORDS FOR MR. FENELON.

Oregon Paper Speaks Most Highly of Him—A Friend Writes.

The "Headlight" published at Tillamook, Oregon, published the following in commenting upon the sad death of W. W. Fenelon, our late fellow townsman:

"The report of the murder of W. W. Fenelon gave a shock to a number of our people in Tillamook city, who had formed that gentleman's acquaintance when he visited this country last fall. Sopeared was Mr. Fenelon with the timber resources of Tillamook county he bought quite a number of timber claims, and was negotiating for more on the Trask for milling purposes when the time

arrives so that it can be shipped to advantage. More than this, he had been asked to approach the representatives of Wisconsin to secure their assistance in getting Tillamook bar improved, and so successful had been that he wrote to say he had secured the promise from them, specially mentioning one as being a member of the rivers and harbors committee, and wanting to know what else he could do. These letters were given to Congressman Tongue when he visited this country two weeks since. All who made Mr. Fenelon's acquaintance in Tillamook admit he was a fine gentleman, and when he left this city he went away carrying the respect of a large number of people, consequently his sad death is felt just as keenly as if he had resided here for a number of years. Mr. Fenelon became interested in Tillamook on account of reading the special edition of the Headlight, being one of our subscribers since that time. We regret his death.

The following was sent by a former Weyanwaga resident, who now resides in Chicago, to the Chronicle of that town. He knew Mr. Fenelon from boyhood:

"In the death of W. W. Fenelon, not only in Rhinelander and Weyanwaga, but the community at large lost one of its noblest noblemen."

"Mr. Fenelon was the son of one of Weyanwaga's foremost citizens, and possessed the rare and excellent qualities of his father and mother. These qualities made him the success in and out of business man that he was. His generosity, kindness and unselfishness gained him the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. His very death was proof of his high sense of justice and love of honor, which were his life principles. He will always be remembered by all who love right and honor."

E. O. EGGEN'S WHEEL STOLEN.

Taken from in front of the Merchant's State Bank One Evening Last Week.

The second theft of a bicycle in Rhinelander this season occurred on Wednesday evening of last week. This time E. O. Eggen is the loser.

Mr. Brown entered the Merchant's State Bank about 2 o'clock that evening to look after some business matters, leaving his wheel on the outside. He was gone only a few minutes and when he returned the bike was missing. In fact it had been missing ever since. The officers had a suspicion as to who the thief was and telegraphed to the officers of several nearby towns but as yet have not succeeded in locating either bicycle or thief. Mr. Brown offers a reward of \$25 for the return of the wheel and information

that will lead to the arrest of the party who "borrowed" and forgot to return it. The wheel is a chainless Columbia, No. 3233, model 20, 29 pattern, black enamel frame, Dunlop tires, with black wood rims.

CLARK & LENOX SELL OUT.

Stock of Hardware is Purchased by Al. Dunn and Thos. F. Wood.

Al. Dunn and Thos. F. Wood closed a deal last Saturday, whereby they became the owners of the Clark & Lenox hardware store on Davenport street. The purchasers are both prominent young men of this city who need no introduction to the public. Mr. Wood has been connected with the store for the past six years in the capacity of bookkeeper, while Mr. Dunn has held a like position with the Wabash Screen Door company for the past year or more, although he has resided here about six years. Both are capable young men who have success stamped in their make-up. Their many friends welcome them into commercial circles and bespeak for them a healthy business. An invoice of the stock is being taken and when completed the young men will take possession.

TO GIVE TWO BIG DANCES.

Under the Auspices of the Several Lodges—A Benefit.

Two big dances will be given here on the night of Wednesday, September 12. Both will be given under the auspices of all the lodges of the city, for the benefit of the Catholic church. One dance will be given at the Armory hall and the other at the New Grand opera house. Music will be furnished by Squel's and Bruno Bros. orchestra. It will be a merry night and nobody who dances should miss attending one or the other. The admission prices \$1 and a ticket entitles the holder to the privilege of dancing in either hall.

HENRY WUBKER JR. INJURED.

Caused by the Accidental Discharge of a Revolver While Cleaning It.

Henry Wubker Jr., the 15-year-old son of Supervisor Wubker, of the town of Hazelhurst, was severely injured last Thursday by the premature discharge of a revolver. He was cleaning the weapon when the accident occurred, the bullet from the 28 calibre revolver entering his hand. He was brought to this city and taken to the office of Dr. Himmann, who dressed the wound and made the young man as comfortable as possible. Although the injury was a painful one it is thought no serious results will follow.

The Fifth Annual Fair.

The Oneida County Agricultural society has increased the purse in the free for all race to \$400, and expects to have the banner fair of the society, both as to attendance and events within the inclosure, this year. The following appointments were made this week for the speed program.

Judges—F. T. Coon, W. E. Brown, S. V. Kelley.
Times—J. A. Whiting, E. J. Yapp.
Record Keeper—W. W. Carr.
Superintendent of speed—F. E. Parker.
J. W. Brown, of Neenah, has been

engaged as starter for the horse races and is one of the very best men in his line in the state.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice

For Publication.
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.
Wausau, Wis., August 29, 1902.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber land in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land states by act of August 4, 1892, Edward W. Whittier, of Tomahawk, county of Lincoln, state of Wisconsin, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 121, for the purchase of the W-1 SW 1/4 of Section No. 10 in Township No. 27 N., Range No. 6 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land, before the Register and Receiver of this office at Wausau, Wis., on Friday, the 26th day of November, 1902.
He names as witnesses: H. A. Johnson, Ed. Hines, C. E. McCumber, and J. C. Jones, all of Tomahawk, Wis.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 26th day of November, 1902.
EDWARD T. WHELOCK, Register.

"My experience says the thoughtful buyer, is that a great deal more confidence can be placed in the makers name than in loud claims for excellence!"

That's why I want the celebrated

MEFFEL-FINGER SHOE

\$ IS FOR MEN. 3 PRICE FOR WOMEN.

Shoe dealers that are in earnest secure them by writing to NORTH STAR SHOE CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

New Fruit Green Vegetables

RICHARDS & KINGSBURY.

No. 25 Brown St.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

BICYCLES!

If you are in search of a good, durable and moderate priced wheel, call and examine our new and elaborate display of

CRESCENT Chain and Chainless Bikes.

There is No Better Wheel on the Market.

We also invite you to call and inspect our new and nobby line of

CUTLERY.

LEWIS HDW. CO.

Merchants State Bank Building, RHINELANDER, WIS.

MILLINERY.

When we decided to add millinery to our already extensive lines, we determined to secure for the department the best talent to be had, and we consider ourselves fortunate in securing the services of Miss Julia Devlin of Chicago a lady thoroughly up-to-date in her profession. The very latest and best styles in ladies' headwear can now be obtained here. Miss Devlin has had exceptional advantages the present season, being early in the Chicago importing houses, where she spent several weeks studying the best styles in the new importation from Paris.

CRUSOE'S Department Store....

You are cordially invited to come and visit the new store. You will find it much better than the old--and larger stocks--better stocks--and still better prices for you, made possible by larger trade. New departments have been opened up to meet the public wants and every effort made to make this trading place the most convenient and pleasant.

You will find it very pleasant here. The freedom of this magnificent store is yours at all times--to come and go as you please--to buy or not as you choose; your interests and comfort looked after to the best of our ability.

Books and School Supplies.

We have opened up a department where good reading matter can be had--bound books of the best literature at department store prices--and where school children can get their supplies cheap.

MEN'S SHOES.

This is another new department which we hope to make very popular. We invite the gentlemen, the youths and the boys to come in and see if we can't fit them just right in shoes. This new department will be kept right up in style as we shall be looking constantly for the new and stylish things for men to wear.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

In shirts and underwear we can suit anyone as our shelves are loaded with a very large and varied stock.

Bits of Local Gossip

Don't miss that funny comedy, "A Merry Chase".
Mrs. S. J. Seabury returned Monday from Waukegan.
Chas. Marks spent Sunday with friends at Three Lakes.
A. S. Pierce has been a visitor at Ironwood during the week.
A. G. Cooke, of Three Lakes, was a visitor in the city last week, Friday.
Al. Grim left Saturday for Wausau to attend the Toland business college.
T. F. Brennan is driving the delivery wagon for the Model steam laundry.
Wm. Daniels transacted business at Three Lakes the latter part of last week.
Charley Ball left Monday for Wausau, where he will attend business college.
Mrs. L. J. Ingraham left Thursday for Badley to enjoy a few days' visit with friends.
Krueger & Dickie have moved their tailor shop to the building next to Ashton's store.
Atty. Barnes and Shelton left Monday for Eagle River to attend the fall term of court.
Francis Ulrich left Friday for Oshkosh to enjoy a few days' visit with relatives and friends.
Geo. Kelley left Monday night for Milwaukee, where he will attend the Cream City Business College.
Miss Ida McKee left Saturday for Eagle River, where she has accepted a position as school teacher.

Egbert Wyman, of Crandon, transacted business in the city the first of the week.

Mrs. E. W. Keith left last Saturday morning for Minneapolis, to remain a few days.

S. M. Hutchinson was able to be out again the latter part of last week after a week's illness.

Arthur Taylor visited points up the line last week taking orders for his famous soft drinks.

Dr. T. B. McIndoe visited Appleton the latter part of last week, returning home Saturday morning.

A. S. Pierce returned last Saturday morning, after an absence of a couple of weeks' spent in the east.

Paul Browne returned Saturday morning, after spending a few days in Fond du Lac and Milwaukee.

J. Segerstrom returned Sunday morning from Chicago, where he had been on business for a few days.

Misses Winnie Joslin and Frances Cankett left Thursday for Lake George to enjoy a few days' outing.

Ed. Brazell was over from Jaffris last Thursday on business connected with the Jeffris Lumber company.

Roy Innis left last Saturday night for Big Rapids, Mich., to again take up his studies in the Ferris Institute.

J. C. Teal returned Monday after enjoying a ten days' vacation in Chicago, Milwaukee and Weyauwega.

Miss Ollie Quandt returned to her home at Wausau last Monday, after enjoying a week's visit with friends here.

Mrs. Owen Leonard, accompanied by Master Robert Cobban, left Saturday for Milwaukee to remain a few days with friends.

The office of the Wisconsin Venter company has been improved by the application of a fresh coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Weesner returned Sunday morning from their Detroit trip. They report a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Geo. Ulrich, who has been the guest of Mrs. E. C. Sturdevant for several weeks left Friday for her home in Oshkosh.

Geo. Beers has secured the contract to erect a store building for Mr. Kelley at Monico, on the site of the one recently destroyed by fire.

Miss Eunice Fenelon, of Weyauwega, arrived in the city last week to remain during the winter with her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. W. Fenelon.

George Portland, of Ashland, arrived in the city last Thursday. He will make this city his home, having accepted a position in one of our mills.

El Elliott was west on the Soo line last Saturday looking after the interests of the Morton-Biggar Lumber company, being their northern buyer.

The call for the Republican county convention has been issued by chairman E. O. Brown and will be found elsewhere in this issue of The New North.

Ralph Brown and his college friend returned Saturday morning from Minneapolis, where they enjoyed a couple of weeks' visit. The boys report a very pleasant time.

B. S. Miller left Monday for Wausau, to remain a few days with friends, also to attend the Marathon county fair, which is being held there this week.

The dance given by the base ball boys at the New Grand opera house was well attended and all present report a good time. Music was furnished by Bruno Bros.' orchestra.

Wm. Daniels returned last week after an absence of a couple of weeks, spent in Kalamazoo, Mich. He was called there by telegram announcing the illness of a brother, who passed away.

H. G. Robbins returned to Rhinelander last week, after an absence of a year spent at Sioux River. He will remain here now and assist in looking after his father's extensive interests.

The Republican county convention has been called for Thursday, Sept. 20. The caucuses will be held the Monday preceding, the 15th inst. See call elsewhere in this issue of The New North.

Prof. A. D. Prideox returned to Tomahawk Thursday morning, after a week spent here on business and pleasure combined. Mr. Prideox has been in the city again during this week.

Ernest Meiklejohn returned last Thursday after enjoying a three weeks' vacation. He visited Camp Douglas with the militia boys, after which he visited Chicago, Ill., and several southern Wisconsin cities.

Mr. D. G. Brock left last Wednesday in response to a telegram from Winchester, Ky., announcing the serious illness of his father. He will remain a month before returning and visiting relatives.

Miss Nelle Amoss left last Thursday for Calumet, Mich., to resume her duties as teacher in the public schools. She spent the summer vacation here, the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. M. Kemp. Miss Amoss formerly taught here.

P. P. Stoltzman was called to Weyauwega last Friday by telegram, announcing the serious illness of his mother. Later--Owing to a delay, Mr. Stoltzman did not arrive at Weyauwega in time to see his mother before she passed away.

Two of our city physicians made a bet last night regarding which was the older of the Lyman Twins who appear here in "A Merry Chase", but they will have to wait until the boys arrive Friday evening, Sept. 7th, to settle the matter correctly.

The farmers of Oneida county should remember the fair next week and make it a point to attend. The officers of the Agricultural association are trying hard to make the fair a success and should be encouraged in their labors. Don't forget the dates--Sept. 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Jack Hagan returned Friday morning from Winnipeg, where he went to visit for a few days and accompany his family home, who had been there several weeks. The journey is a long and tiresome one, so Mr. Hagan declares.

Mrs. J. Peltier left Saturday for Ashland to remain a few weeks, the guest of her son, Edward.

W. H. Doherty, of Berlin, Wis., has been in the city during the week, taking orders for tombstones.

Miss Libbie Munsell left Tuesday for Wausau, where she will attend the Toland business college.

Ben. Innis was a visitor at Tomahawk the latter part of last week, looking after some plumbing jobs.

W. P. Crowley, of Tomahawk, was a business visitor in the city a couple of days the latter part of last week.

Miss Maud Cook, of Ironwood, was the guest of relatives and friends in this city last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Coon left Tuesday morning for Mount Clemens, Mich., where they will remain three weeks.

Ray LaSalle left the first of the week for Minneapolis to enjoy a week's visit with relatives and friends.

Dr. Hinman was summoned to Jeffris Tuesday to attend Mrs. Chas. Wordlich, one of his patients who is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Stewart returned Monday morning after enjoying a week's outing in the neighborhood of Eagle River.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Remo, of Wausau, were up the first of the week to attend the funeral of Mr. Cairns, Mrs. Remo's mother.

Miss Anna Adams is among the many from Rhinelander who will attend the Wausau business college. She left Saturday for that city.

Miss Inez VanTassel returned Monday after an absence of several months. She visited points in southern Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana.

D. H. Vaughn, son Chas. and Mike Short left Monday for Gegebe Lake, Mich. They went there to look over a 20,000 acre tract of land on which an option is held by Rhinelander parties.

Frank Knapp, the sanctimonious looking justice of the peace from Marshaw, was in the city the rear end of the week. He came way down here to attend prayer meeting and visit his many friends.

Fred Herrick was down from Lac du Flambeau last Thursday and greeted local friends. He came primarily on business connected with the Flambeau Lumber company, of which concern he is manager.

Ben Smith has disposed of his residence property at the corner of Clark street and Oneida avenue. It was purchased by Arthur Taylor, who takes possession October 1st. Mr. Smith expects to remain here until next spring.

September 20, has been decided upon as the date of the minstrel show to be given by local talent for the benefit of the Catholic church. The proceeds will go toward the rebuilding of the church edifice recently destroyed by fire.

Numerous fakirs continue to infest our city. Give them the cold shake and tell them you can get everything you want at less money from reliable merchants in Rhinelander and they will soon cease to be a pest. Read the advertisements of the five merchants in The New North.

The frame work of the new Parochial school is up and nearly enclosed. When completed it will make a handsome addition to our educational institutions.

L. W. Hamel the enterprising Stevens street barber has added a shower to his bathroom equipment and patrons may hereafter experience the invigorating effect of a cold shower or hot, if desired, after the regular bath.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Olson, of Tomahawk, were in the city the first of the week. The trip here was made overland and after Sunday's rain, and was anything but a pleasant one. They left Tomahawk Monday morning, and did not reach this city till 7 o'clock in the evening.

Mrs. W. B. LaSalle and daughter Ethel, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Daniels, Fred Sterling and Leslie Beers, and W. Bardwell, of Plainfield, Ill., and Mrs. LaSalle's nephew, left Friday morning for Lake George to enjoy a few days' outing at the LaSalle and Coon cottage. They were joined a little later by Mr. LaSalle.

The New North is in receipt of a letter from S. M. Barabara, who left here about two months ago to seek his fortune in the wilds of Montana.

requesting that the paper be sent to him regularly. He says he is in love with the country, also the climate is delightful. The country is not in a booming condition at present, owing to the lack of rain. "The present presidential campaign," he says "has a tendency to make things rather quiet. McKinley buttons are numerous and I hope the 'advance agent of prosperity' is not far ahead of his show. Bryan men are more plentiful, as this is a silver state, but not by a very large majority. They are making a lively fight to win out this year."

The trustees of St. Mary's church, at Rhinelander, Wis., will receive bids for the erection of a new church. Bids to be opened Wednesday, Sept. 12th, at 2 p. m. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check of \$50. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. Plans and specifications can be seen at the parsonage or the Architect's office at Green Bay, Wis.

Notice to Contractors.
The following resolution was read: Resolved, that it is the policy of the board of park commissioners heretofore adopted and the city attorney is directed to cause a preliminary proceeding to be had for the purpose of securing the right of the city to the land now owned by the State of Wisconsin, in the city of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Moved by Mr. Brown and seconded by Mr. Johnson, the resolution was adopted as read. Carried, the A. H. voting as follows: Anderson, S. A. Brown, Beers, Case, Diver, Gibson, Johnson, Klumb, and Matteson (5) voting aye and Smith (1) voting no.

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COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(Official Publication.)
At an adjourned regular meeting of the common council held on the 20th day of June 1904, the following resolution was adopted: Resolved, that the board of park commissioners be and they are directed to cause a preliminary proceeding to be had for the purpose of securing the right of the city to the land now owned by the State of Wisconsin, in the city of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

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PHONOGRAPH